

ALL STILL TRUE by David Summerfield

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Art was once the manifestation of myself as expressed through daily living artistic expression being the compelling intuitive force and desire I had to be creative which came to term in my heart and mind as emotion and thought of a heightened enhanced quality the compelling force intuitive desire I had that didn't manifest itself in constructing art objects but came through in daily life as part of a normal routine in which my individual and practiced attitudes were the common denominator of my life as a true artist The essence of true artistry then was not creating objects of art but creating myself crafting the skill ability cunning even to live successfully and triumphantly in the everyday molding this skill of self-creation gave purpose to every sunrise in living more artfully than the day before each new day was an imaginary bright canvas upon which to paint myself in the manuscript of my life each day an imagined blank page in which to boldly and confidently make new entries alas this was my youthful vision I wish it were all still true But life became hard and to make it through a hostile universe the inability to control events became struggle the skill ability cunning even I had tried to live successfully and triumphantly with became fear loneliness and isolation only acceptance of it brought me peace and from this humbling intersect where the exhilaration of living and the foreboding of it became melded into a singular response to the world called melancholy object art was born from a place inside me where I had become happy and sad at the same time Having gone quickly tears streaming laughing raucously wandering through glaring headlights lurking shadows and pelting rain I had

felt lost angry and abandoned and with those altruistic dreams and illusions of youth having decayed into disillusionments of middle age writing then became a tool to understand painting and sculpture a means of expression the essence of true artistry became the physical manifestation of actual art as I had never imagined from my learned experience object art had become the logical extension of my wounded psyche